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Man: The Wonderful

Nina Isabel Jennings

Man: The Wonderful

COMPANION TO WOMAN: THE MYSTERIOUS

Nina Isabel Jennings

THE LONE STAR PUBLISHERS
PARIS, TEXAS

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THE BENNETT PRESS
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Heart Series

Man And His Mate

A LITTLE BOOK FOR
HIS HEART AND HERS

**The Latch-String
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A LITTLE BOOK FOR YOUR HEART
WHEN IT'S HEAVY

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WHEN IT'S FULL

Acquaintanceship Series

Man: The Wonderful

Woman: The Mysterious

BY

Nina Isabel Jennings

WQR 19FEB'36

To Man: The Wonderful

I can find no word
full enough of meaning
to follow your name,
O Man! God created
you to be a lover and
when you are, thought
and symbol alike are
powerless to express
you, for then it is
that you are more mar-
-vellous than all language.

If through your love
that woman is bonded
to herself, through your
love that each of you
reaches Life's Great
Incompleteness and
through your love that
both together learn
Love's Respect Plan
of Eternal Growth.
Mine Isabel Jennings.

Think of me at my best.

Charles Dicken

To Whom It May Concern:

Individually, I thank you, collectively, I thank you, for the little glimpses you have given me and my friends of

MAN: THE PRIZE PICTURE IN THE PUZZLE BOOK OF HUMANITY.

The Compiler.

The highest mission of man is to interpret woman to herself.

I. S. Wisdom.

If God would only give to me
A woman with frank eyes of blue,
With glossy hair of ebon hue,
And with a heart both tried and true,
I'd build a little nest for her,
I'd do my very best for her,
And all my life I'd faithful be
If God gave such a wife to me.

J. R. Moreland.

Man: The Wonderful

The biggest thing on this earth is A Man.

Thomas Dixon.

Man

Indisputably a great, good, handsome man is the greatest of all created things.

Charlotte Bronte.

Man is greater than a world—than a system of worlds.

Henry Giles.

Let each man think himself an act of God: his mind a thought, his life a breath of God.

Bailey.

I mean to make myself a man, and if I succeed in that, I shall succeed in everything else.

Garfield.

The best men always make themselves.

Patrick Henry.

He is but a counterfeit of a man who has not the life of a man.

Shakespeare.

Man is to be trained chiefly by studying and knowing man.

Gladstone.

All men are alike in their lower natures, it is in their higher characteristics that they differ.

L. V. Courtney.

A man's middle age is usually a reaction from his youth.

E. Glasgow.

Men, in general, are but great children.

Napoleon.

Every man is a volume, if you know how to read him.

Channing.

Surely, if all the world was made for man, then man was made for more than the world.

Duplessis.

Life

Man's happiness is registered by his recognition of his true relation to God, and his conscious conformity to the divine laws of Life.

C. S. M.

After all, there is only one thing in which we are all interested—it is life. . . That is why we love love. It is because love is the very essence and pure substance of life. All else is diluted. The activities of business, the musings of philosophy, the ecstasies of religion, the thrill of adventure, the stir of exercise, the gratification of the senses, all of these are but brilliant beads strung on the scarlet string of love. Without love they would fall from us. All about us, in the sea and on the land, nature pours her abundance of living things, every crevice has its habitant, and green things growing crowd the earth. We get a glimpse of what it all means when we love, for then nothing but a universe drenched with life can express us.

Frank Crane.

All the sky is scarlet
  Flaming on the azure,
O, there's fire in Heaven
  My heart aches with pleasure.

Leagues of rose and scarlet
  Roses red as blood
All the world's a rose-garden—
  God is good, is good.

Katharine Tynan.

What A Man Most Needs

A man needs something that only a woman can give, and it is this: The germ of good that is struggling up through his consciousness cannot sprout and grow without the soil and the sunshine, and a woman's thought, at its best, is that soil and sunshine. If she listens sympathetically and helps him bring out his inner intentions and put them into action she is doing for him what God designed her to do, and what He made her capable of doing. For this service well done a man may well lay his all at her feet. Other essentials vary, but this is the one constant element which goes to make up response.

Waldo Pondray Warren.

I love thee; 'tis a message old and sweet;
  The older, still the sweeter, O my love!
Thou lovest me; this utterance, dear, repeat;
  Tireless the iteration of our love!
I need thee to perfect my manly force;
  Is not that need a beauteous loving token?
Thou needest me; thy womanly life-course
  In me completes; our lives in halves were broken
Were we to part. But while thus far is good,
  Our bonny babes are our best, foremost blessing;
These from our love draw their strong vital food;
  These to our virgin hearts gave mandates pressing.

The world gains men because I so love thee;
Our love and joy both serve Eternity.

William Platt.

Love

So oft I've read what poets sang of love,
  To feel their joy for years in vain I sought,
At last love came, a cooing little dove;
  The joy it brought!

And since the day when I first sipped the wine,
  I've felt a song I would all men could hear,
Though vainly I have sought for word and rhyme
  To make it clear.

To teach this song love only has the power;
  To mortal man the door is sealed, though near.
Some day the door will open, you'll discover
  Love's song and hear.

James E. McGirt.

Love is two eyes that look for you, two lips that speak for you, two ears that list' for you, two feet that wait for you, two arms that lift you to higher things, and one heart that beats for you.

John Emery White.

I lived with love; all she possest
  Was but a tent beside a stream.
She warmed my cold hands in her breast,
  She wove around my sleep a dream.

And One there was with face divine
  Who softly came when day was spent,
And turned our water into wine,
  And made our life a sacrament.

W. J. Dawson.

A Prayer For All True Lovers

We invoke thy gentlest blessings, our Father, on all true lovers. We praise thee for the great longing that draws the soul of man and maid together and bids them leave father and mother and all the dear bonds of the past to cleave to each other. We thank thee for the revealing power of love which divines in the one beloved the mystic beauty and glory of humanity. We thank thee for the transfiguring power of love which ripens and ennobles our nature, calling forth the hidden stores of tenderness and strength in the young and overcoming the selfishness of childhood by the passion of self-surrender.

We pray thee to make their love strong, holy, and deathless, that no misunderstandings may fray the bond, and no gray disenchantment of the years may have power to quench the heavenly light that now glows in them. May they early gain wisdom to discern the true value of life, and may no tyranny of fashion and no glamour of cheaper joys filch from them the peace and satisfaction which only loyal love can give.

Grant them with sober eyes to look beyond these sweet days of friendship to the generations yet to come, and to realize that the home for which they long will be part of the sacred tissue of the body of humanity in which thou art to dwell, that so they may reverence themselves and drink the cup of joy with awe.

Walter Rauschenbusch.

God hath ordained you, Manhood, Womanhood;
Joy is your birth-right; Life is full and good.

William Platt.

Eventide

Deep in the woods one day in Spring
I passed a hut that seemed so poor,
With just a little garden 'round,
And honeysuckle o'er the door.

Upon the step a woman sat
With little babe upon her knee,
Around her feet there played a child,
Whose age, I think, was nearly three.

And as I looked, adown the path
In homespun clad there came a man,
And as he neared the open door
The little child to meet him ran.

The man bent down and took the child,
(Whose prattle sounded, O so sweet,)
And bore it to the hut and put
It down beside the woman's feet.

O'er her he bent and kissed her brow,
He took the babe from her embrace,
He kissed its tiny dimpled cheek,
And joy shown in the woman's face.

And as I looked there came to me
A peace that made the hut seem fair;
Because I knew 'twas "Home, Sweet Home;"
Because I knew that love dwelt there!

J. R. Moreland.

An Unsought Gift

I trembled that a thing so fair could be,
And thought of it as something far removed from me,
Daring not to hope or pray for aught so sweet,
When lo! it fell, a gift from God, down at my feet.

Margaret A. Richard.

The Quest Of The Soul

In the vast mysterious depths of God's eternal plan, each soul is not alone in being—it is but half of a glorified whole, and God alone knows part and part, and holds what each can find only through Him. To seek and find that heaven-born counterpart of the higher selfhood, to blend soul with soul in wisdom and love, to respond more and more to that celestial charm, to become as one angelic harp, played upon by the breath of God—this is the quest of every soul since time began. Though a man gain the whole world and lose this it profits him nothing. This is the Tree of Life, the Kingdom Within, the New Commandment, the Pearl of Great Price, the Fountain of Joy and Song, the Reason for Eternity. Heaven comes nearer to the heart that admits its law—the heart that seeks to serve the divine plan of forever-unfolding life.

Walde Pendray Warren.

No one perfectly loves God who does not perfectly love some of his creatures.

T. S. Wisdom.

"We hold the scepter in our hands
Which rules the universe of things;
Which rules the ocean, rules the lands,
And puts to shame the power of kings,
Look up! Its lifted light behold;
Not framed by human power of art;
Not made of wood or stone or gold;
'Tis Love! The scepter of the heart."

Awakening

Who defies love to spring
  Within a heart that sleeps
A stern and frozen thing,
  Hath soon forgot how slight
A marvel 'tis for trees
  To blossom in a night.

Adlis Dunbar.

A thousand voices sang to him. It was a new song, a song he had never heard before. It stirred and soothed and excited him. It made him smile and tremble. It filled him with fear and joy. Love had thrust her golden key into his long-closed heart, turned it in the rusty lock, and flung the door wide open. He had not been living hitherto. He had thought that it was right that life should get everything out of him that was in him to devote to it. Now he knew that he should get everything out of life that there was in it to devote to him. Everything, for the first time, looked right. He had suddenly become awake. The only love that mattered to him was the love that was alive. The only thing worth living for was just to hold her—the woman—tight against his heart.

Cosmo Hamilton.

The Man—

I did not know that love was such a mighty thing. Love is no Cupid—he is a giant. I tried to forget and he crushed me under his feet as if to punish me.

The Woman—

Love is God's helper. He made us for each other.

Irving Bacheller.

The Bachelor

Old friend, you ask me why, on this November night,
When every home is filled with life and love and light,
I sit here lonely in this desolated room,
Beside this dying fire, and in this gathering gloom?

Yes, it is glorious on this gay Thanksgiving night,
To look into those homes, so happy and so bright,
And sweet to see the loving eyes, the faces fair,
To hear the pattering feet of little children there.

Yes, it is true, I often long to steal away
From out the shadows of these dismal walls of gray;
But as I light my pipe, its smoke-wreaths pinions take,
And gazing in that smoke, a thousand dreams awake.

So I am not alone, although you smile at me,
And in this dingy place no friendly face you see;
For in the darkness beckon airy spirit hands,
And wondering with them I am borne to wondrous lands.

And now I see a nook with overhanging bowers,
Bedecked in sunshine and a wealth of summer flowers:
I hear the bubbling brook, I hear the lowing herds,
I hear the singing of a thousand blissful birds.

And in the leafy lanes I see a little face,
Upon whose cheeks no sin or sorrow shows a trace;
Fresh as a blossom jeweled with the dews of morn,
Pure as a young dove in the leafy branches born.

Her eyes are darker than the purple pansies there,
Her laughter lighter than the bird-songs in the air;
Her cheeks are softer than the peach-tree's clustering bloom,
Her lips are sweeter than the lilacs frail perfume.

And there we tread in joy, with violet skies above,
With humming bees, and birds that carol lays of love.
Her golden hair has snared me in a maze of bliss;
Earth fades and heaven descends around us as we kiss.

Another vision comes: I see her lying still,
With snowy blossoms in her waxen fingers chill.
Her sweet pale face, that never knew a cloud,
Is mantled 'round with silken foldings of the shroud.

Another vision still: I see a new-made grave,
Above whose clods November's wild winds madly rave,
With snow-flakes falling at the wave of wizard wands,
While leafless branches moan and wring their withered hands.

But all those phantoms vanish now, and so I'm here,—
A dull old bachelor, all grizzled, gray and sere;
And that is why I sit and smoke my pipe alone,
Or watch the dying embers on my dim hearth-stone.

For when the curling whiffs of feathery smoke arise,
From out their shadowy depths, I see her love-lit eyes;
And when I watch the embers in the ashes there,
I see the gleaming of her wondrous golden hair.

And though for home and wife and children's laugh I yearn,
With her my heart was buried, never to return;
And though on earth I still see many a lovely face,
No angel from the skies could take that lost one's place.

Walter Malone.

Rose o' the world, what man would wed
When he might remember your face instead?
Might go to his grave with the blessed pain
Of hungering after your face again?

N. Hopper

Some General Characteristics

(A Page For Women)

A man is a selfish being. Keep that little fact in view continually; and if you want to please him, pander to it.

A man dislikes sentimentality. Do not quote poetry. Do not look languishing. Study real life and be real.

A man never wants to be instructed. If you are sure he is wrong, do not correct him.

A man likes to feel his superiority. A charming woman hides her own opinions—her superiority, and brings out what is best in the man.

A man never wants to be controlled. Do not exact too much attention. It is his way to pay it when he feels like doing so.

A man is self-centered, When he is no talker, lead him to talk about himself. He will engross the conversation and think you delightful.

A man likes to have confidence in himself. He never falls in love with a woman who makes him feel small. The better he is pleased with himself the better he will like you.

A man prefers to lead. The woman who can push ahead and take her own part is generally allowed the privilege.

A man is a discover. He likes to look. He wants to see himself reflected in the eyes that meet his.

A man loves to protect. He believes a woman has a right to a husband, a home, and children—to love and happiness.

I is a man's pronoun. *You* is a woman's.

A Young Widow.

Love's Defiance

See! 'tis a miracle, solve it who can, —
A woman's heart is a wonderful thing.
The world is its kingdom, it reigneth supreme,
And Love is its vanquished rose-yoked king.

Come to thy throne in my heart's deep core;
Kiss me straight on the lips anew;
Down on your knees and homage pay
To the woman who conquers a man like you.

Belle Hunt Shortridge.

Man's Conceit

If "the proper study of mankind is man," it is also the chief concern of woman. It is not surprising that men are conceited, since the thought of the entire population is centered upon them. Man's interest in himself is purely altruistic and springs from a desire to please. Let the woman dearest to a man say, tenderly: "You were so handsome to-night, dear—I was proud of you." See his face light up with noble, unselfish joy, because he has given such pleasure to others. There is nothing in the world as harmless and as utterly joyous as a man's conceit. The woman who will not pander to it is ungracious indeed.

Myrtle Reed

Requirements

He loves a woman little who
Sees not an angel in her,
And will not hate his dearest sin
And conquer it to win her.

Charles H. Crandall.

To stretch the octave 'twixt the dream and the deed
Ah, that's the thrill.

Richard Le Gallienne.

To Trade: A World

Dear as I love this gay old world,
  Its golden-fruited trees,
The birds that carol loud and free
  Across its perfumed leas,
The frosty air of winter time
  When birds have all gone south,
Dear heart, I'd give it all, and laugh,
  To kiss you on the mouth!

Yea, I would give the whole round world
  Of meadow, wood and swale,
Its boulder-tortured torrents fierce,
  Each trickling stream and vale;
And laugh with very joy to give
  It all, from north to south,
To just lift up your dimpled chin
  And kiss you on the mouth!

To just lift up your dimpled chin
  And look into your eyes—
Look in to where the soul of love,
  And eke of mischief, lies—
I'll have some placards printed big
  And posted north and south:
WANTED: To trade a big round world
  For one kiss on the mouth!

And when you read that placard big,
  You'll know that it means you,
And you will laugh the old glad way
  That I have seen you do;
But I won't take back one wee word,
  I'll need no North nor South,
For I will be in heaven when
  I kiss you on the mouth!

Judd Mortimer Lewis.

Come Live In My Heart

But still on one welcome true, rely,
Tho' the crops may fail, and the cows go dry,
And your cabin be burned, and all be spent,
Come, live in my heart and pay no rent.

Samuel Lover.

Marrying men are easily recognized. They are the men who have a soft side to them however rough or however unlikely they may often appear to be. They think a good deal about home in the abstract. Women are a mystery to them -- a delightful but unfathomable mystery. And they never solve it. Femininity of itself has a fascination for them. They are affected by it in a way which they do not understand. The unlikeliness of women to themselves piques their curiosity, but they never get any further along in the path of enlightenment. They go down to their graves deliciously obtuse and contentedly uninformed.

Lynden Orr.

The Lonesome Land

The lonesome land
Is where I never clasp your hand;
Is where I never see the shine
Of eyes that once dreamed into mine;
Without you, Heaven itself would be
A thought just less than love to me!

The lonesome land
Is where no south-wind ever fanned
O'er leagues of honeysuckle bliss,
The tresses that I loved to kiss!
But with you—even the dark were Heaven:
Of love the Lord—by love forgiven!

Frank L. Stanton.

A Song of Content

How many million stars must shine
  Which only God can see!—
Yet in the sky his hand has hung
  Ten thousand stars for me.

How many blossoms bloom and fade
  Which only God can know!—
Yet here's my field of buttercups,
  And here my daisies blow.

How many wing-paths through the blue
  Lure swallows up and down—
Yet here's my little garden walk,
  And yon's the road to town!

How many a treacherous voice has wooed
  Unhappy feet to roam!—
Yet God has taught my willing ear
  The sounds of love and home!

How many lips have kiss'd and clung
  Since Eve was Adam's bride!—
But God has given me you, dear girl,
  And I am satisfied!

Frederick Lawrence Knowles.

All that is loyal in you will flower in the loyalty of the woman you love: whatever of truth there abides in your soul will be soothed by the truth that is in hers, and her strength of character can only be enjoyed by that which is strong in you.

Maurice Maeterlinck.

A Man's Tenderness

I hurt you, dear, the other day. I smiled
When I should have seemed sorry; or I jarred
Your weaker mood with tone unused and hard,
Forgetting, quite, the future and the child.

But when I saw your little lips shake fast,
Your eyelids redden so, and the big drops
Splash on your wrists—I felt as one who stops
His hand to see a redbreast gasp its last,

Or strikes a small doll-mother for her fears,
Or robs a little cripple of his crutch—
So careless was my heart that cared so much,
So tender was the spot that felt your tears.

Post Wheeler.

Fatherhood

I could not tread the path you went last night,
O my beloved, with your eyes of awe;
It was a time when my protecting might
Could bring no shield between you and Life's law.

I could not even guard you on your way,
Nor share one little mite of all your pain;
I could but feel—and hope—and dumbly pray
That you would safely come to me again.

And you have come. . . I do not seem to know
I am a father. . . All my thoughts outpour
To you, who last night felt the undertow—
Safe in the haven of my heart once more.

Edwin Carlile Litsey.

Dear one, the sweetest of Love's sweet desires,
That woo the soul with fuel for its fires,
Is the dear clasp of tender little hands,
The eyes of little children like their sires.

John Barker.

Over An Old Love Letter

There hangs about thee, could the soul's sense tell,
An odor of love and love's doom.

Swinburne.

I lift it from the place where it lay hidden,
  Out of the light away these many years,
I read her letter o'er and tears unbidden
  Spring to the eyes that long have known no tears.
Old thoughts come to me, half forgotten fancies,
  Things that I dreamed long since had found an end,
As reading o'er the best of life's romances
  I find, "Your little sweetheart" at the end.

Outside the window there a bird is singing
  His first sweet song unto the morning sky,
Inside, deep in a man's heart, thoughts are springing,
  That have not risen since his youth went by.
The bird's wild song is from its throat outpouring
  As though the song its very throat would rend,
No song can tell the memories o'er me stealing,
  At reading these few words just at the end.

"Your little sweetheart," all the old, sweet story
  With its deep pathos to my being cries,
There comes a face with hair of amber glory,
  Tangled across the gleams of sunny eyes.
Through time's dim halls a voice rings low and tender,
  In whose sweet notes so many memories blend,
They bring back youth's fair morn in all its splendor,
  Those words, "Your little sweetheart" at the end.

Through the open door I turn my face to seaward
  Where wild waters wail and warm winds blow,
The singing bird is fleeing far to seaward,
  Just as my hopes fled from me long ago;

So hath it been, so will it be forever,
The chain is broken which no hand can mend,
The hand will rest in mine no more forever,
That wrote, "Your little sweetheart" at the end.

I lay aside the tear-stained, yellow letter,
My little sweetheart, my last link to thee,
Whether it all were for the worse or better,
May God be with you whereso'er you be,
And howsoever much my feet may falter,
May your path lead to where radiant roses blend,
For you will be what death alone can alter—
My little sweetheart to the bitter end.

James Lindsay Gordon.

I question not the cause that drew
Our foolish hearts amiss,
I only know that once I knew
Your handclasp and your kiss,
I only know that once I saw
The love-light in your eyes—
A hallowed gleam that told me all
I know of Paradise.

I know not where our feet may fare
Across the lonesome years,
I only know that I would share
Your heartaches and your tears;
I know that I would never lose
That glad-ning, mad-ning thrill,
For oh, I love you still sweetheart,
For oh, I love you still.

Whitney Montgomery.

Love's Cup.

Life's richest cup is Love's to fill—
  Who drinks, if deep the draught shall be,
Knows all the rapture of the hill
  Blent with the heart-break of the sea.

O tired wings that trail the ground!
  O sudden flight to worlds above!
O thorns among the roses bound
  About the brows of those who love!

Robert Cameron Rogers.

At the Goal

Oh, but fate plays us many a sorry jest!
Dry dust and ashes crown our fondest quest,
And when at last Love comes to comfort us—
The one we love not always loves us best!

Elsa Barker.

Love comes to some with smiling eyes,
  And comes with tears to some;
For some Love sings, for some Love sighs,
  For some Love's lips are dumb.

Pankenham Beatty.

He is not worthy the honey-comb who shuns the hive because the bees have stings.

William Shakespeare.

To succeed one must sometimes be very bold and sometimes very prudent.

Napoleon.

If

"If I could pass as swiftly as I thought
The leagues that lie between us two to-night,
And come beside you in the lamp's clear light,
As weary with the work the hours have brought

You rest beside the hearth; if I could stand
And lean on the broad elbow of your chair,
And pass my fingers through the clustering hair,
And take into my own the tired hand,

And whisper very softly in your ear
Some phrase to us, and to us only, known;
And take my place as if it were my own
For ever,—would you bid me welcome, Dear?'"

Desiring to attract a cynical man assume the negative to all his propositions.

Minna A. Thomas.

A man must suffer before he can feel.

L V. Courtney.

Real Heroes

For women whom they dearly loved
Men willingly have died,
Nor deemed it much of martyrdom,
But rather cause of pride;
But name to me some heroes rare—
One name would be a gem—
Who, loving not, made sacrifice
For women who loved them!

E. D. P.

A Letter

After breakfast, at twelve o'clock, I went to the post and received a good large letter, very heavy. My heart bounded ready to break with delight. No, I was happy, and so happy that in the coach, on the road between Passy and Paris, I opened the letter—the thousandfold blessed letter!—and I read —I read. . I closed the letter, and put it into my side pocket. At first, I might have been seen shedding tears; then I was weighted down by a sadness, of which the following were the practical consequences. The pavement of Paris was yesterday two inches deep in snow. I wore a summer chaussure, but I was so miserable that I felt stifled in my cab. I needed air. I got out in the Rue Rivoli, and I walked, and walked, my feet in this muddy snow, the whole length of Paris, through the immense crowd, without seeing anybody, amongst carriages and horses without being aware of them. I went on, on, with my countenance all changed and disordered like a fool. People turned to stare at me. In short, I walked from the Rue Rivoli to beyond the Hotel de Ville, through the most crowded streets, without perceiving the crowd, the cold, or anything. If anyone had asked me, What is the time? What sort of weather? What season of the year? What town is this? Where are you? I could not have answered a word. I was dazed with grief. Sensibility is the life-blood of the soul, and it poured in torrents through my wound.

Balzac.

A Letter

I have your letter, my adorable love. It has filled my heart with joy. . . Since I left you I have been sad all the time. My only happiness is near you. I go over endlessly in my thought your kisses, your tears, your delicious jealousy, The charm of my wonderful Josephine kindles a living blazing fire in my heart and senses. When shall I be able to pass every minute near you, with nothing to do but to love you and nothing to think of but the pleasure of telling you of it and giving you proof of it? I fancied that I loved you some time ago; but since then I feel that I love you a thousand times better. Ever since I have known you, I adore you more every day. That proves how wrong is that saying of La Bruyere, 'Love come all of a sudden.' Ah, let me see some of your faults: be less beautiful, less graceful, less tender, less good. But never be jealous and never shed tears. Your tears send me out of my mind—they set my very blood on fire. Believe me that it is utterly impossible for me to have a single thought that is not yours, a single fancy that is not submissive to your will. Rest well. Restore your health. Come back to me and then at any rate before we die we ought to be able to say: We were happy for so very many days.--Millions of kisses, even to your dog.

Napoleon.

An Incident

As twilight lay upon the sea
  A somber priest once strayed
Where idle groups of worldlings throng
  In vanity's parade.

And when his garment faint across
  My Lady's raiment swept
A flash of longing for the world
  Across his conscience crept.

My Lady's glance fell on his face,
  Bent peaceful on his book
A flash of envy for his peace
  Her inmost being shook.

Both went their way all unaware
  What chance had each befell—
Within his soul a stray desire,
  Within her heart a cell.

Martha G D. Bianchi.

Golgotha

Our crosses are hewn from different trees,
But we all must have our Calvaries;
We may climb the height from a different side,
But we each go up to be crucified;
As we scale the steep, another may share
The dreadful load that our shoulders bear,
But the costliest sorrow is all our own—
For on the summit we bleed alone.

Frederic Lawrence Knowles.

I Understand

When your head once lay on my breast,
  And your hand was closed in my hand,
  You drew back the veil from your soul
And asked, Can you understand?

The letters that flamed in gold flame
  On the virgin-whiteness I scanned—
"I love you, I love you, I love"—
  And I whispered, I understand.

I thought I did. Foolish we be.
  I, in Sorrow's intense solitude,
Where the hours are infinite ages,
  Fared far ere I understood.

Yesternight I lifted wet eyes
  To the stars that were as the sands,
And cried, O my God! it is now,
  It is now that my soul understands.

Seumas Mac Manus.

Love

As pure as the face of dawn, as a mother's kiss, was this wistful thing so fresh from the hands of God. Ah, sweet Love, they have made a jade of you in this old world of ours. You are very human, dear Love, but in your heart there is a song that few have heard. It means more than lip to lip. It shows the road to asphodel, to the mystery that lies beyond us all, to the place where there is no wanting—where spirit wings are grown—where the beasts never enter.

Weymer J. Mills.

To the Unknown Love

Dear one, the slow years come and go.
  And still we are apart;
We know not each the other's face,
  Though deep within the heart
Burns evermore the flame of hope—
  The fever and the smart.

Sometimes within the nether mind
  Vague memories arise
Of other times and other climes,
  Of lips and brow and eyes.
Sometimes it seems the murmuring breeze
  Is heavy with your sighs.

I hear your voice whene'er a bird
  Pours forth his heart in song,
And in the moaning of the sea,
  When nights are drear and long,
I strain my eyes to find your eyes
  In every passing throng.

Somewhere I know you lie to-night
  And dream fond dreams of me;
Oh, that the earthly veil might fall
  And let the spirit see!
Perhaps 'tis but a single wall
  That hides you, dear, from me.

John Barker.

Natural selection presupposes a discernment which leads a man through mazes of women to one woman in particular, to the woman who to him is the one woman in all the world, to the woman who has been awaiting him and who recognizes him when he comes.

Edgar Salter.

Letter Song

Who is it dreams of thee all the night
Till the last star dies in the gray?
Who is it calls thee his heart's delight,
Though many a league away?
Who is it wishes thy sorrow to bear,
Leaving the joy for thee?
Who is it breathes thee a song and a prayer
Come look in my heart and see.

Who is it longs for the touch of thy hand,
The sound of thy feet at the door?
And who would give all the gold in the land,
To gaze in your face once more?
Who is it craving thy voice to beguile,
Grim cares that will not flee?
Whose eyes are athirst for thy winsome smile?
Come look in my heart and see.

Whose are the veins that laugh and leap,
Whenever thy name is heard?
Whose are the eyes that fain would weep
To think of a hope deferred?
Whose is the arm that will not fail,
If ever thy need shall be?
Whose is the love that never grows pale?
Come look in my heart and see.

Samuel Minturn Peck.

A Woman's Complaint

I know that deep within your heart of hearts
You hold me shrined apart from common things,
And that my step, my voice, can bring to you
A gladness that no other presence brings.

Alice Wiseman.

Woman Is What Man Doth Make Her

What the flower's to the bee,
What the blossom's to the tree,

What the zephyr's to the day
In the bright and glowing May,

What the sunlight's to the shade,
What the pansy's to the glade,

What the magnet's to the pole,
What the spirit's to the soul,

What soft music's to the breast,
What sweet dreaming is to rest,

What the robe of incense high
Is to seraph in the sky,—

This, all this, is womankind
To man's glory of the mind.

. . . . . .

Don't decry her, don't forsake her;
Woman is what man doth make her.

Hugh Farrar McDermott.

The pedestal upon which man places a woman is erected solely by the effect upon himself of her charms.

Arnold Haltain.

Woman is the dessert to the feast, the trimmings on the garment of life, the spice in the pudding. Of course a man can eat dinner without dessert or champagne and live his life without kisses or a woman—but somehow he never does.

Helen Rowland.

Treatment Required

"When you marry him, love him.
After you marry him, study him.
If he is honest, honor him.
If he is generous, appreciate him.
When he is sad, cheer him.
When he is cross, amuse him.
When he is talkative, listen to him.
When he is quarrelsome, ignore him.
If he is slothful, spur him.
If he is noble, praise him.
If he is confidential, encourage him.
If he is secretive, trust him.
If he is jealous, cure him.
If he cares naught for pleasure, coax him.
If he favors society, accompany him.
If he does you a favor, thank him.
When he deserves it, kiss him.
Let him think how well you understand him;
but never let him know that you 'manage' him."

Let a man imagine he is having his own way and a woman can do anything with him; let a woman but suspect she is having her own way and a man can do nothing with her.

L. de V. Matthewman.

In the great game men lose their heads—women their hearts.

Minna A. Thomas.

The rules are not posted over the table. Mortals must play in order to learn the rules.

Jack London.

Out Of The Depths

Let me forget her face!
  So fresh, so lovely, the abiding place
Of tears and smiles that won my heart to her;
Of dreams and moods that moved my soul's dim deeps,
  As strong winds stir
Sad waters where the starlight glimmering sleeps,
In every lineament the mind can trace,
  Let me forget her face!

  Let me forget her form!
Soft and seductive, that contained each charm,
Each grace the sweet word maidenhood implies;
And all the sensuous youth of line and curve,
  That makes men's eyes
Bondsmen of beauty eager aye to serve.
In every part that memory can warm,
  Let me forget her form!

  Let me forget her God!
Her who made honeyed love a bitter rod
To scourge my heart with, barren with despair;
To tear my soul with, sick with vain desire!
  Oh, hear my prayer!
Out of the hell of love's unquenchable fire
I cry to thee, with face against the sod,
  Let me forget her, God!

Madison Cawein.

Have I loved you? Yes, if the man loves the poison that steals his soul and saps his body, and melts his manhood like wax, all in exchange for a few painted wings of the butterflies of dreams. Loved you! Yes.

I have loved you as men love poisoned honey, and opiates loaded with death, and all the foul sweetness of the pit of hell— but, like all such men, how gladly would I give back forever all your spices and your songs for one drop of dew glittering in some old, pure morning of my boyhood.

Richard Le Gallienne.

Under Which King Benzonian?

Love lifts on white wings to the gates
  Of Paradise and enters in;
Lust has for wings two leaden weights
  That sink into the lake of sin.
Lust squats, toad-like, his loathsome cell—
  Love seeks the light, on, on, above,
  Love is of God, as God is love,
But lust is Lucifer in hell.

Joaquin Miller.

Imperfection

Whence comes the old silent charm whose tender stress
  Has many a mother potently beguiled
To leave her rosier children,—and caress
  The white brow of the frail misshapen child?

Ah! whence the mightier charm that age by age
  Has lured so many a man, through spells unknown
To serve for years, in reverent vassalage,
  A beauteous bosom and a heart of stone?

Edgar Fawsett.

Strength

Strength is that attribute of man which most keenly appeals to woman. The untrained, untutored woman loves him for brute strength. The woman of culture and refinement loves him for strength of intellect and character, and that tenderness which in man is the acme of mental and moral and physical strength and poise. When a strong man is gentle, he has character, whether it be of the tutored or untutored sort. And character is what tells. It is what wins and holds. It is that in a man which women obey and men respect. Character is a man's individuality; his only personal effect that cannot be stolen or imitated. Character, in fact, is the man. When women come to judge men by it, rather than by externals and non-essentials, they will understand why some men win while others must fail, and they will do themselves the justice to wait until the winner come. Only such a man wholly wins the woman he wants; and only such a one can make her wholly happy.

He does not sue like a beggar. He takes possession of his own with unwavering confidence, born, not of conceit, but of conscious good intent and ability to round out the sum of her life.

If it seems that a great deal is necessary to ascend the throne of woman's best domain, consider the kingdom men are seeking; consider that preparation to win and deserve that kingdom increases your own power to enjoy it; and consider that no crown on earth is so resplendent with grandeur as that crowning glory of the human life; the mutually reciprocated love of a good man and a good woman.

Lavinia Hart.

My Heart

"Alas, my heart is a lute,
  Whereon you have learned to play,
For many years it was mute,
  Until one Summer's day,
You took it and touched it and made it thrill
And it thrills and throbs and quivers still."

Possession

God knew his chosen time.
He bade me slowly ripen to my prime,
And from my boughs withheld the promised fruit,
Till storm and sun gave vigor to the root.
Secure, O Love! secure
Thy blessing is: I have thee day and night:
Thou art become my blood, my life, my light:
God's mercy thou, and therefore shalt endure.

Bayard Taylor.

The woman is not real who is not romantic: and if men have forgotten to be chivalrous it is only that women have forgotten to be womanly.

A. U. Truth.

O choicest gift of the days that are gone,
  And lure of the days to be,
The world were a night without a dawn,
  If I looked in vain for thee.

Mitchell.

I Cannot Do Without You.

I cannot do without you, you have been
Too long my only slave, my only queen.
I cannot do without you; you have grown
Part of my flesh; and nearer than my own.
I need you. Speak, be silent, frown or smile,
Only be with me a little while
And let your face and hands and hair be kissed.
I cannot do without you—other men
Love, bid good-bye, and turn to love again.
I only know I want you, only you,
Only because I want you.

Arthur Symons.

A man may have a heart big enough to love two women at one time, but he ought to have more head.

D. Knowsey.

A man may have a dozen affairs, but in all the world there is but one woman for whom that man can really care. And here is the pathos of it. Let that woman's love for him exceed his own for her, and the surfeit of sweets is too much for him. He can't stand it. On the other hand, if she have no affection for him, there he is, a miserable being for the rest of his wretched life.

Edgar Salter.

Of course there are exceptional men—there are also white blackberries.

Tom P. Morgan.

Every Man's Way.

Out in the town I'd die if people knew
I took this little glove and kissed it so,
Last thing at night; when footfall sounds are few
And she who wore it sleeps as still as snow.

But now the door is shut! and I can bless
And kiss this wrinkled scrap, and care no whit
How great my heart may grow with tenderness
Or what dear love-words I may say to it.

Let morning come, and I shall mix with men
And laugh at others' quaintness in the street;
But, little glove, you know me better, when,
In the lone night time, you and I may meet.

John Charles McNeill.

Transcended.

I who was learned in death's lore
  Oft held her to my heart
And spoke of days when we should live no more—
  In the long dust apart.

"Immortal?" No—it could not be,
  Spirit with flesh must die.
Tho' heart should pray and hope make endless plea,
  Reason would still outcry.

She died. They wrapped her in the dust—
  I heard the dull clods dole,
And then I knew she lived—that death's dark lust
  Could never touch her soul.

Cale Young Rice.

Love's Offertory.

If when I raise my heart to Thee, the thought
  Of her comes o'er me in suffusing flame,
Count not amiss, High God, nor grievous aught
  That love of her should waken with Thy name.

Thomas Walsh.

The Heart Of Life

You were not beautiful—and yet,
  Such level brows—such quiet eyes—
  It was as when a sun-ray dies
And leaves us breathless with regret.

Not beautiful, I said . . . and then
  I looked again . . . and lo! I knew
That all the beauty in the world
  Began, and lived, and died with you.

E. Ashton Edwards.

Beauty is born of love. Think you the woman beautiful inspires your sentimental Love? Oh, no! It is your Love that proclaims her beautiful. A hundred men have seen her and passed on. You, too, perhaps, have seen her throughout the long winter, but your greeting was cold as the wind. She was much like other women. Then, on a day when spring had come, when birds sang, and young green things came out of the earth, and the air was laden with violet scent, you came upon her. And lo! her beauty filled you, and you worshiped her.

Then, if Love be the open sesame to all things good, why are not all men lovers?

Lavinia Hart.

There have been great lovers who were not great men, but never a great man who was not a great lover.

Will Levington Comfort.

That Frazzlin' Little Gal O' Mine

That frazzlin' little gal o' mine
She's stolen away my heart,
She's not so very pretty, an'
She's not so very smart.
I know not why I love her so,
But if I were a King
I'd give my crown to call her mine,
The frazzlin' little thing.

That frazzlin' little gal o' mine
She's always full o' glee,
She laughs at almost everything
But laughs the most at me,
She says I'm far behind the times,
She says that I am green,
An' tho' she sometimes treats me bad
I cannot think she's mean.

Her image lingers in my heart
Wherever I may go,
Sometimes I almost curse myself,
To think I love her so,
I would not fawn upon a Lord
Or kneel before a King,
An' yet she leads me by the nose,
This frazzlin' little thing.

Whitney Montgomery.

I do not know any man who is not absolutely under the thumb of at least one woman.

Marie Corelli.

The Years

She crept within my being like a breath
Of lake winds cool 'mid mazes of a wood;
She kissed me with a gift of hours divine;
A crown of hours that shall defy gray death
Until the miracle be understood,
'Til she and all Eternity be mine.

Archer M. Huntington.

My soul was thirsty till she came,
My heart was hungry till her eyes
Lighted love's fuel into flame
And taught me Paradise.

I hunger and I thirst no more;
Lo, 'tis a fount where honey drips;
I drink a thousand kisses from
The chalice of her precious lips.

Robert Loveman.

Dear one, I bless the subtle power
That makes me wholly thine;
And I'm proud to say that I bless the day
When a little woman wrought her way
Into this life of mine.

Eugene Field.

Oh, lovely woman! man's great bane
And joy. You ne'er can pall.
Source of all pleasure and all pain
And—bless you!—worth it all!

Judd Mortimer Lewis.

How I Weary Fer Her

Wish some breeze, by night or day,
  Jest would whisper ter her
In a sweet, heart-breakin' way,
  How I weary fer her!

Wish some bird that flies erlong,
  With its song could stir her—
Jest that sweet, heart-breakin' song,
  How I weary fer her.

How the sunshine's left the day—
  Wrapped itself erbout her;
How the night has come to stay,
  Lonesome—long, without her.

How the roses roun' the place
  Somehow 'pear to miss her,
Lookin' in ter see her face—
  Longin'-like to kiss her.

. . . . . .

Wish some breeze, by night or day,
  Jest would whisper ter her
In a sweet, heart-breakin' way,
  How I weary fer her!

Frank L. Stanton.

The Lonely Room

Delay not, Sweet; absence already long
  Burdens my heart with such a grievous pain
  Hourly it seems that it must yield or break.
Beloved, hasten back and bring the song,
  The sunlight, blossoms, and the old refrain
  Of ecstasy—heart-ease to end heart-ache!

Julian Durand.

An Unsent Letter

Never, O never, love's clasp and kiss,
Never, O never, love's honeyed bliss,
Never, O never, love's Summer sun
Came to the hearts that should have been one.

Over the earth he wanders alone,
Callous and cold and cynical grown;
She who should be a mother and wife,
Faces alone a long loveless life.

Silent in dust you will sleep at last,
After dull years of waiting have passed.
Shall you meet some day in God's own fold,
And the words of love at last be told?

Walter Malone.

When We Shall Meet

The day when we shall meet,
Long spent desire will blossom into flame,
Old memories wake at whisper of your name,
And sacrifice its compensation claim
At coming of your feet.

The day when we shall meet
Full measured joy, somehow, will come to me;
Of all within the gift of destiny
I shall not ask for more; the melody
Of Love will be complete.

H. E. Harman.

Some day, in the high stillness that Love brings,
Life's unimagined secret shall be found.

Elsa Barker.

Hope And Fate

Hope plucks her fruit and makes her wine
And fills her cup;
Fate stalks along and says, "'Tis mine!"
And drinks it up.

Emma C. Dowd.

The Little Red Rose

Last night as I roamed through a book that is tattered,
From a fragment of verse to fragment of prose,
With stem that was broken and leaves that were shattered,
I found the remains of a little red rose.

I carelessly started to brush them away,
When my memory drifted away like a boat,
And I thought of a girl and a long summer day,
And a little red rose that she pinned on my coat.

But time with the touch of his magical wand
Has parted the lovers and shifted the scene.
The girl to another has given her hand,
And fashion has made her its idol and queen.

And wrapped in the folds of a costly attire
She wins admiration wherever she goes.
But a lonely old bachelor tonight by his fire
Dreams over the leaves of the little red rose.

Whitney Montgomery.

Don't part with your illusions. When they are gone you may still exist, but you have ceased to live.

Mark Swain.

Loneliness

They spoke sweet words above her bier
  Of some all-happy shore,
Where no pain comes to cause a tear,
  Ever and evermore;
They made a garden of her grave,
  Where many a fair vine creeps,
And to her tomb this comfort gave:
  "She is not dead; she sleeps."

They told me birds would come to sing
  For her a lullaby,
That for her sake the stars would swing
  Their watch-fires through the sky,
That conscious winds would will to stir
  The roses at her head,
And all the suns would dawn for her,
  Who sleeps, and is not dead.

They said her spirit loves me still,
  Sees all, and understands.
But where the lips that spoke her will—
  Where are her eyes and hands?
Not all men's prayers that she would live
  Can move the guard of death,
Nor can all the lore of ages give
  Her little body breath.

The birds may sing, the flowers may start
  Each spring where old flowers were,
But I can never teach my heart
  That they bear heed to her,
Nor my fond passion to disguise
  With light the path I grope
Can give me back her love-lit eyes,
  Her heart-beat, and my hope.

I know so little! It is strange
  A flower should be cut down
Ere, with its mates it suffered change
  To autumn's gradual brown.
But this I know: Should I grow old
  Beyond the years of men,
I shall not ever, ever hold
  My arms for her again.

John Charles McNeill.

A Man Alone

Quite calmly now I view at the last,
  The upper room where all her pains were done,
And, the long bitter and the anguish past
  Recall those few, fond meetings, one by one.

There is the window where she used to sit,
  Humming, low-voiced, some foolish woman's song.
There hangs her mirror, in the depths of it
  No shadow of dear eyes it knew so long.

I mind me when she pinned that picture there,
  And when she brought that horseshoe from the street—
Oh, I could close my eyes and smell her hair,
  Almost—almost, could think I heard her feet.

But it is gone and life is warm and wide.
  And I am calm. See, here's her closet door.
So.—God! That smell of flowers the day she died.
  And here—O, Christ!—The gown she wore.

Post Wheeler.

Faith

But I know the time is coming
  When the summer winds blow sweet
I shall find you in the sunset
  Where the gold and crimson meet.

DeWitt Summers.

Your Love

One memory, like a fragrance about me—your love,
One beauty, like an ornament upon me—your love,
One strength, like a greatness within me—your love.

One belief—born of these three;
That love is imperative in the life of this earth,
A necessary part of its usefulness, and not an illusion.

One aim, to make so perfect love's responses
That the meeting of our lips will be the brimming of life's fullness.

Charlotte Eaton.

Theoretically, men admire "reasonable women," with the uncommon quality which is called "common sense," but it is the woman of caprice, the sweet, illogical despot of a thousand moods, who is most often and most tenderly loved. Man is by nature a discoverer. It is not beauty which holds him, but rather mystery and charm. To see the one woman through all the changing moods, to discern Portia through Carmen's witchery—is the thing above all others which captivates a man.

Myrtle Reed.

To Preserve Man's Interest—

Deal yourself out to him in homeopathic doses. Put yourself on the top shelf, where it is hard for him to get at you. Feed him sugar in a teaspoon; don't pass him the whole sugar bowl. Then he will always be begging for more. One only wants more of anything that one can't get enough of, you know.

Helen Rowland.

Consummation

The interval
  We both recall
To each was all.

A moment's space
  That time nor place
Can e'er efface.

'Tis all our own,
  A secret known
To us alone.

My life to thee,
  As thine to me
Eternity.

John B. Taft.

Forbidden Paradise

The barrier falls,
  And in between our rushing hearts
No guard is set, and yet
  'Tis only when I dream of thee
That thou art mine.

For when I wake
  There high as Heaven a flaming sword
In angel hand doth stand
  To bar our paths by stern decree
Mandate divine.

Keta B. Parker.

Companioned

Across the world your voice is calling me.
  In every heartbeat draws your presence near.
The days are lonely, love, and yet so full
  Of you that I am sweet-companied here.

Margaret Lyle.

To One Beloved

'Tis here beside our own bright fireside clime,
  With thee, my love, that life is full of bliss.
  Here find I all that when away I miss—
Forbearance with my faults, a faith sublime,
A love so true that change it cannot time,
  A love as pure as heaven's great love is,
  A foretaste of the other life in this;
And childish voices in a merry chime;
Wee little forms that round my knees do gather,
  Fond little arms close clinging in caress.
My love, my love! No, guardian angel rather,
  My precious gift from God—thou art no less—
Cling close and guide the husband and the father,
  Is all I ask, my sum of happiness.

John P. Sjolander.

No two who knew not love, ever found the first principles of "perfect congeniality." Love is a rare instinct. It needs not touch, nor taste, nor smell, nor scarcely sight or hearing, to help in its understanding. Love is instinctive comprehension; and the man and wife who have it come in time to be a unit. Therein is the ideal reached. Mutually comprehended and shared are their thoughts, their aims, their hopes, their standards, plans, purposes, tendencies, tastes. Whatever is of interest to the woman, is of equal interest to the man; and likewise the man's interests are of vital importance to the woman.

Lavinia Hart.

Long Ago

When love proves false and we seem forsaken,
Our spirits shaken
With sorrow sore,
There is one solace Time can't deny us,
Which lingers by us
For evermore,
We dream on our lips a soft mouth presses
The sweet caresses
We used to know;
Our hearts yet revel amid the pleasures
And cherished treasures
Of long ago.

J. A. Edgerton.

Dreams, just dreams, of long ago;
Dreams of days that we both know.
Time can never change the past;
You're mine in dreams until the last.
Summer's gone and life grows cold,
Still, in dreams you're mine of old.
Hearts can break, but you can't take
Those golden dreams of long ago.

Enrico Caruso.

A Word

Give me a word of you that I may take
And hide it in my heart for old love's sake,
And go contented, knowing that my heart
In holding this can never wholly break.

Theodosia Garrison.

Ilma

Ilma, how many Springs have dawned, how many Summers died,
Since first you filled my vision, golden-haired and shadowy eyed?
With your white hands holding to your lips, the roses of the Spring,
While your voice sighed through their perfume like a flute's soft whispering.

I remember yet the dress you wore, the first low words you said,
And how the sunshine glistened on your bended golden head;
And how your long dark lashes fell, before my eager gaze,
As your presence thrilled my pulses, and your beauty mocked my praise.

And still the songs I made for you—the foolish, tender tunes—
Come back and sing themselves to me, beneath these pallid moons,
As I watch just as we used to do, the star-lit river gleam,
Until the singing lulls me, and I meet you in a dream.

Ilma, since that lost Summer time, my feet have touched a brink,
Washed by as bitter waters, as the spirit's lips can drink;
I have smiled on paths where every step, was anguish to my feet—
Draining the dregs of Marah, while I laughed and called them sweet.

Hidden amid the shadows, is the path my soul has trod,
The place of its Gethsemane, is known to me—and God.
None else can know how void and vain, my life has come to be,
Since love has crowned and crucified, and your soul wrenched from me.

You, least of all, the memories that most in life I prize,
I know would stir but faintly now, the dream-lights in your eyes;
Some vague, pathetic sense of loss, might pale the clear cheek's flame,
Or cause the damask lips to droop, at hearing of my name.

No more! I never blamed you, for God cast you in such mold,
Your spirit holds His sunshine, as your tresses hold its gold;
On you love fell as Summer dew upon the opening rose,
And on me a chilling frost—unto what end who knows?

God knows! and so I cannot dream its plight was borne in vain—
Somewhere a Heavenly balm remains for all this human pain;
Somewhere in a Diviner land, where naught of earth endures,
And where a deeper soul shall breathe through that bright form
of yours.

O, Ilma, we shall meet again, in its eternal day
Where all the clouds are lifted, and the mists are cleared away;
And as my soul's faith like a book, lies open to your ken,
Ilma, life's best and dearest, you will love me then.

James Lindsay Gordon.

Beyond The Blue

I wonder if there is beyond Heaven's blue
Some happy place like long, lost Arcady,
Where those who loved and lost—like you and me,
Shall find each happy dream we dreamed come true.

I wonder if that love shall like a tide
That long hath been an ebb, return again,
And cover all our wants and silent pain,
And flood our hearts 'till they are satified!

I wonder—O I know! beyond Heaven's blue
There is some happy place like Arcady,
Where those who loved and lost—like you and me—
Shall find each happy dream we dreamed come true!

John Richard Moreland.

Air Castle

I am not so poor as I seem to be,
For I have a possession rare,
No mortal greed can rob me of
My castle in the air.

And often when the burdens chafe
I don my robes of state,
Steal softly away from the commonplace
And enter its jasper gate.

White fountains fall in an opal mist,
Through the halls soft laughter rings,
And at the throne of the heart's desire
A minstrel sits and sings.

He sings of years that have never been,
Of the days that will never be,
Of the golden hours that were never mine,
And the scenes I shall never see.

And then the while his harp and voice,
My restless heart beguiles.
Hope softly steps through the castle gate
And leans on my breast and smiles.

Kathleen Worrell.

For dreams—they are the very breath of life;
The "little leaven" that informs the whole;
Wine of the gods, poured from the upper skies;
Manna from heaven, to nerve thee for the strife.
Fetter thy dreams and hold them fast, O soul!
When they depart, it is thyself that dies.

Julia C. R. Dorr.

Responsive Hearts

Let the sweet heavens endure,
  Not close and darken above me
Before I am quite, quite sure
  That there is one to love me.

Tennyson.

We are but one, in heart and soul,
  Our hearts responsive beat,
And in love's mutual sympathy,
  Our souls shall ever meet,
To mingle all our joys and love,
  Our sorrows e'er to share.
Each other's welfare ever seems
  Our hearts' most earnest prayer.

Martha Shepard Lippincott.

The Refugees

Some men must lay their grief and pain
  Before the Lord above,
And some in agony would fain
  Be near an earthly love;
But some must carry their despair
  Unto a secret place,
And none may know that it is there,
  Or look upon its face.

Now Lord, be pitiful to those
  Who cry to thee for rest,
And comfort them that take their woes
  Unto a true love's breast;
But let him deepest mercy find,
  Bend down to him thy power,
Who hath not God or womankind
  When comes his bitter hour.

Juliet Wilbor Tompkins.

Man Ascending

The rise of man is endless: be in hope:
All stars are gathered in his horoscope.
The brute-man of the planet he will pass.
Blown out like forms of vapor on a glass;
And from this quaking pulp of life will rise
The Superman, child of the higher skies—
Immortal, he will break the ancient bars,
Laugh, and reach out his hands among the stars.

Edwin Markham.

"Life is an epic the Master sings,
Whose theme is man and whose music soul,
Where each is a word in the Songs of Things,
That shall roll on while the Ages roll."

A Prayer At Night

Now, at the end, I lay me down to sleep,
From all my little delving in the sand,
I pray the Lord still, still, my soul to keep,
Along my journeying to another land,
Warm from the tempest and the further deep—
(Now, at the end, I lay me down to sleep.)

If I, perchance, should die before I wake,
If there wait chasms dark and Lethes dim,
I pray the Lord, who knows, my soul to take
Safe through the voids between this life and Him;
And lift me at the last, for my soul's sake—
(If I, perchance, should die before I wake.
Amen.

Post Wheeler.

Companions

And when the journey is done God grant
The one lone Inn find me,
Where I may enter and greet—but Her,
And close the door behind me.

Arthur Stringer.

I shall be with you always; even when
The wider sea of death lies dark between,
My soul will seek you like a weary dove
Until it rest in your soul's arms again.
From the bright glow of heaven I should lean
Toward the dearer heaven of your love.

Ilma Lawrence.

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